WIND AND TIDE

TWO men in a sailboat were heading for Vineyard Sound between the island of Marthas Vineyard and the mainland, through which a swift tide races.

"Can we make it?" asked one. "The wind is dead against us."

"Oh, yes!" said the other cheerfully. "The tide's on our side. Here, man, give me that tiller! You go take a reef there while I steer!"

"Why, you're heading for the very worst of it!" gasped the first man, who was a stranger to those waters. "I was going for that smooth —"

And then he forgot all further speech in obeying the swift, short commands of the man at the helm. Harder and faster blew the wind. Choppier and choppier grew the sea. Looking at those on-coming surges, soon to drench them with spray, the stranger could not see that the boat was making any progress at all. And where else could a man look, except to throw an occasional longing glance at the smooth waters nearer the shore.

"Why is the man at the tiller so obstinate, so headstrong?" he thought. "Why —"

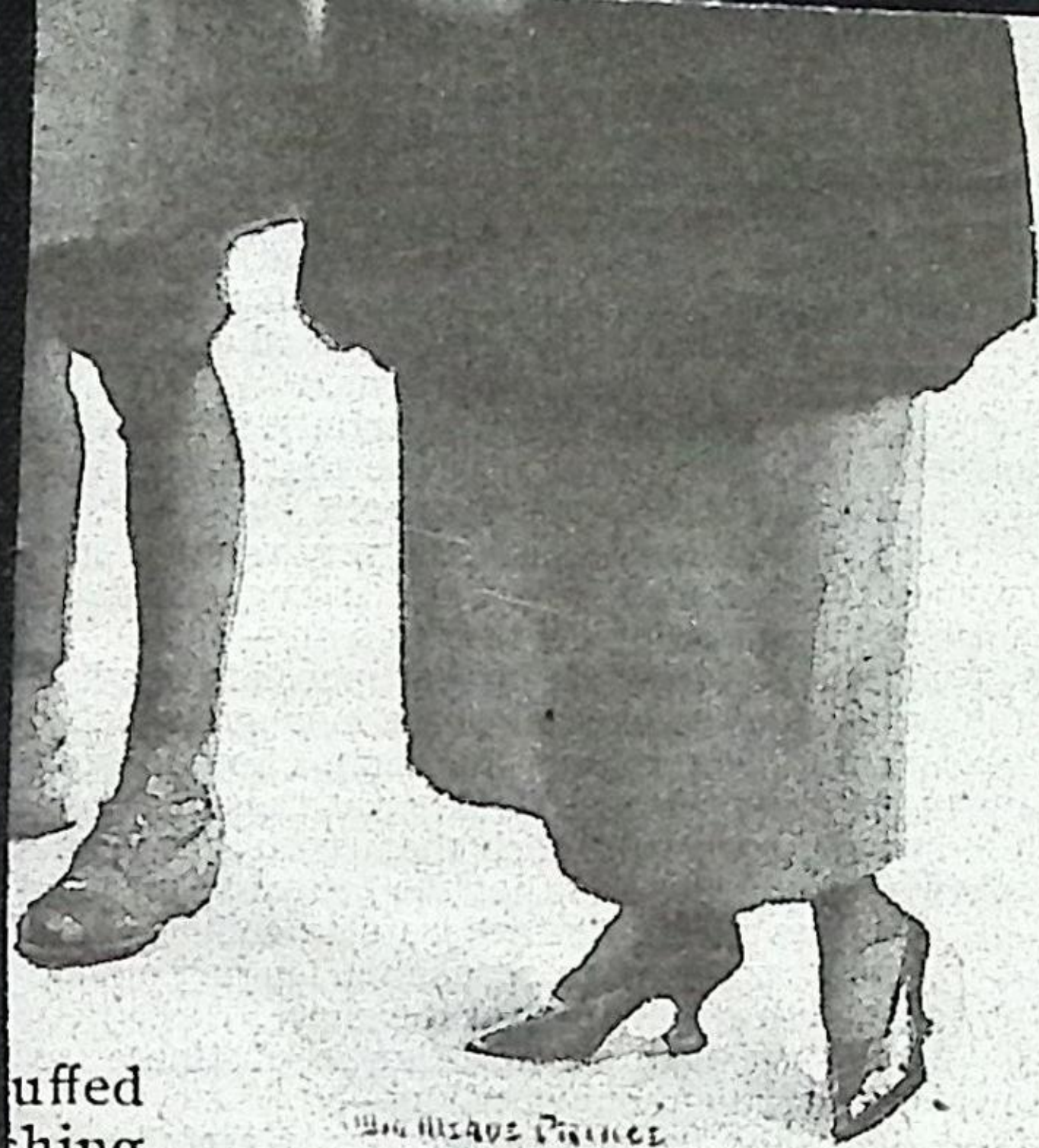
Suddenly the helmsman sent out a joyful roar. "Through!" he cried. "Through! And we beat the record at that!" Then he caught sight of the other man's face and laughed aloud. "Oh, cheer up!" he called. "Fire and chowder are right round that headland there, with a straight course home!"

An hour or so later they talked it over in front of a blazing driftwood fire. It had been a wonderful sail, they agreed, but there were some things the visitor did not understand.

"Why, it's all a matter of the tide," explained the helmsman. "If that's with you, you can win through in spite of anything else. If that isn't, heaven help you! It's good, of course, to have both with you—but if you can have only one, it's the tide that counts. And the tide never seems to run as strong as it does when the wind is against it. The wind apparently resents that extra strong tide and piles up all the waves it can in front to frighten you back or off into those smooth places you looked at so longingly. Oh, yes! I saw you.

"'What was the matter with them?' Nothing—if you had happened to want to stay right where you were instead of getting home for supper. They were smooth because there was no tide there to offer any resistance and the wind had a straight run. You wouldn't have been splashed, to be sure, but you wouldn't have got on very much with nothing to help you against that wind."

"Wait a minute!" said the other man, with a quick smile. "Or else remember all you said while I get out my notebook and pencil. I have never before found half so good an illustration of what it means to be on God's side—doing his will—no matter how much the wind of public opinion or the force of your own circumstances or desires may blow against you. You may yield gracefully to the easiest way and say, 'Circumstances were too much for me,' or 'Everything seemed to point that way,' and you'll have an easy, smooth, shallow life, but you will not get anywhere or be anything better than driftwood in the end. Or you may cast in your lot with the tide—as we did today. Things look impossibly hard and you get buffeted and splashed and wet to the skin, but you win through to the haven where you would be."



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grains—flimsy, flaky, flavory
the scientific grain foods.

great hygienic foods.

Every Food Cell Blasted

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size.

This is done by steam explosion —by applying an hour of fearful heat, then shooting the grains from guns.

With Any Fruit

The heat creates a delightful, nut-like flavor. The puffing creates thin, fragile, airy globules.

The blasting of the food cells makes every atom feed. And it fits them for all-hour foods.

These perfect foods, which chil-